

OCTOBER 1960

# Maryknoll



**Photo Feature: Career Girl in Japan-p. 55**



**NO AUTOMATIC.** This Korean woman does her washing in a stream. The conveniences of America are unknown to most of the women of the world. For millions, even hot water is an undreamed luxury.

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## The Friend of Brothers

A QUICK glance at the record indicates that Father Bob Sheridan's contribution to the dynamic mission effort of the Church is not as modest as he insinuates. In his three and a half decades of priesthood, the 59-year-old Chicago Maryknoller, now serving as director of Brothers and assistant to the local superior at society headquarters (Ossining, N. Y.), has carved an enviable career based on generosity and enthusiasm. Prior to entering Maryknoll, Robert E. Sheridan studied at St. Ignatius High and Quigley Prep



in Chicago, and at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. Ordained in 1925, he labored eight years in the orient before being transferred to the States for vocational work. Assigned in 1940 to Cebu, he, like hundreds of missionaries, was caught up in the Japanese invasion of the South Pacific. After a seven-month hitch as chaplain with a Philippine Division, he was captured and imprisoned. His achievements during internment, as liaison between Japanese officials and thousands of American military and civilian personnel, are legendary. Since 1946, Father Sheridan's major apostolic effort has been aimed at our Maryknoll Brothers. As their novice master, director, and advisor, he has instituted a program of spiritual and technical training that is largely responsible for the amazing increasing (56 per cent) of vocations to the Brotherhood during the last ten years.



# Maryknoll MAGAZINE

**Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America, Inc.**

"... to those  
who love God  
all things work  
together for good."

Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

**The Maryknoll Fathers  
Maryknoll, New York**



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October, 1960



**At the keys, Father Leo Walter, of Ohio; with youngsters (at right), Father Herbert Elliott, of New York**



*New leaders are tapping  
rich personal resources  
to solve old problems  
in the Pearl of the Orient.*

**By Charles M. Magsam, M.M.**

**Behind the reels of film for a  
Legion of Mary meeting, Father  
Raymond Grundtner, of Minnesota**

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## Land of Tomorrow

**L**ogs, logs, logs—with load after load after load, trucks roll down from the jungle mountains of Davao on Mindanao Island, in the Philippines. Clouds of dust rise constantly from heavy truck wheels plowing over the gravel roads. Filipinos hold handkerchiefs over noses and mouths.

As the trucks, loaded or empty, roll through the gravel streets of Magugpo, they send their dust into the church and rectory of Father Joseph W. Regan, M.M., of Fairhaven, Mass. Cleaning up every hour is impossible, so he has to live with the dust as best he can.

Fortunately, more than lauan logs (sold as so-called “Philippine mahogany”) speed out of the mountains to the local plywood mills and to the ships that dock at Davao City. In the ravines and plateaus of the jungle mountains are *barrios* (villages) of Tacas natives whose ancestors fled to the mountains when the Malaysians and Polynesians invaded these islands, which Spanish invaders named after Philip II.

Already, in each of four villages, the native pagans have built their own little chapel and then walked down

into Magugpo to ask Father Regan for a priest to instruct them. Two groups have been baptized, a third group is under instruction, and a fourth will soon start taking instructions. Father Regan is delighted with the hope of moving over the mountain chain that cleaves eastern Mindanao, and baptizing all pagans in the region.

That sounds wonderful. And it is wonderful. But what about the 100,000 baptized Christians who already form the Magugpo mission? What of the 130 village chapels already waiting for weekly Mass?

It takes a calm, courageous man of deep faith to face such gigantic problems. Father Regan has had a lot of practice. A veteran of South China missions, where he had to learn two Chinese dialects, he moved to the Philippine missions of Laguna (on Luzon Island) and learned Tagalog.

The initial hostility and indifference that he met only challenged him. He used to walk up and down the village streets on Saturday afternoons, calling out to the people to come to confession and to Mass. Daily visiting of homes, repairing of war-damaged churches, and building of high schools, eventually won the affections of the people. This was demonstrated when their national senator later traveled to Maryknoll headquarters in New York, to try to keep in Laguna the missionaries who were being transferred to Davao.

Father Regan has learned his fourth mission language, Visayan, and uses it to preach and instruct on every possible occasion. Even at the nine Masses of Cockcrow, which precede Christmas and commemorate Our Lady's nine months of childbearing, the pastor or one of his curates (Father Fran-

cis J. Taney of Geneva, New York, or Father John A. Rich of Chicago, Illinois) preaches to the predawn worshippers. That requires extraordinary zeal on the part of missionaries, who must rise at three o'clock each morning to hear confessions before Mass.

A critical scarcity of priests has left the people of Davao poorly instructed and untrained, either for weekly Mass or for frequent confession and Communion. Most of the people have had Mass only once a year in their villages—on the feast of the patron saints. At present the missionaries are managing bimonthly Mass in four central villages, and one or two extra Masses annually in the others. The four central villages will eventually have full mission compounds. But that will have to wait until four new missions on the east coast of Davao have been staffed.

A slightly plump figure, standing five feet, ten inches, with a shock of gray hair over deep-set, reflective, brown eyes, may not indicate the disciplined life of Father Regan. And his manly, sometimes gruff, speech may hide his humility and essential kind-heartedness. But he is respected for more than his near-sixty years. His young assistants know his consistent, priestly example and consideration, and his exceptional effort to be cooperative even towards those who may differ on mission methods. His conservative outlook makes him a careful administrator of mission temporalities.

After giving a retreat to the Davao pastors, I had the privilege of singing the half past six Mass at Magugpo. The choir, led by a Filipina Sister, sang the Ordinary in accurate and fervent Gregorian Chant. They also sang beautifully harmonized Offertory hymns.

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### Chatting with Filipino priests, Father Leo McCarthy, of Massachusetts

That was really the parish's second weekday Mass; the first had been celebrated an hour earlier. Into bed shortly after dark, the Filipinos are up at dawn, which is about half past five the year around, so close is Davao to the equator.

It was a further privilege to talk to the mission catechists, at their final pre-Christmas meeting. They listened with the interested zeal of those who must teach others what they learn. Leaving instructions in methods and content to their capable pastor, I told the catechists that they must make known a Person more than a doctrine or a set of commandments. They must make known the Person of Christ, who loves. They must be lovable by deserving love, in order to make their mes-

sage loved. But Christ puts grace into the very hearts of the persons whom they instruct. They do not work alone.

From Magugpo, I made two mission trips. One was a side jaunt with Father Rich to bless a new extension of the Maco primary school, donated by the Abecor Lumber Company. Much of our time was spent listening to the people plead for a resident priest.

Then I hopped into the jeep of Father James T. Ferry, of New Rochelle, New York, and headed for his mission in Lupon, on the eastern shore of Davao Gulf. When we rounded a coral mountain and looked down on the indescribable blue-green of salt sea over living coral, we blessed the Lord for the beauty of His creation.

Along the mountain slopes, tall trees



**On the receiving side of the serving table: Fathers Patrick McMahon, of Minnesota; Joseph Regan, of Massachusetts, and John Lennon, of New York**

raised their leafy heads on smooth, gray, limbless trunks that reached eighty feet above the tropical growth beneath. Throughout the Davao mission, we see such trees standing like benevolent kings of the past, who smile and watch over the new hemp, corn, or coconut trees that grow at their feet.

On every farm, we passed the mighty carabao (water buffalo) that deserves respect for being as trustworthy in toting a five-year-old boy as in pulling a plow or, calmly and alone, walking

a four-wheel-drive jeep out of impassable mud. After we had watched the sun plunge its splendor into Davao Gulf, we could look up and see the great, crow-sized bats that lumber out of the jungle forests and fly into the clouds crimsoned by the sun beyond the horizon. The bats choose nighttime to search out their strictly vegetarian diet of bananas and leaves.

As I slipped under the mosquito net, and the quiet of the night settled over Lupon, I could see the bright moon

shimmering on coconut palms, banana leaves, mango trees, and star-apple trees. Next morning, Sunday, I sang the High Mass at a quarter to seven. The church was filled, and many brown moonfaces received Holy Communion.

At nine o'clock I prayed before the altar that Christ's victory would be fully achieved in the six babies who were waiting for baptism. Except for chubby Arturo, who smiled complacently through the whole sacramental ritual, the little, brown babies alternately gurgled, cooed, and yelled. As questioning, exorcism, anointing, and water-pouring put life where there had been death, and the Trinity where there had been emptiness, a boy across the street symbolized the protest of hell by exploding his bamboo cannon.

In spite of the cannonade and the crying of the reborn infants, this baptism was a welcome experience for an absent-minded professor who had just finished twenty-six years with books. Up to that morning, I could count on two hands the persons I had baptized.

At half past ten, I had the added pleasure of telling the Barangay leaders how the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and Matrimony empower and commission them for spiritual leadership as they go from house to house each evening to lead the family Rosary and read a weekly instruction. Their president, Circuit Judge Efraem Gayares, is an old friend of Maryknollers.

A stable family life, under the leadership of the men, is one of Father Regan's main objectives. The work of the men in the Barangay has convinced them that they are important to the Church and its mission.

The Legion of Mary has been an-

other prime instrument that helps to bring people to Mass and the sacraments, and also to uncover marriage problems. The first thing Father Regan wanted to know when he came to Magugpo was this: Who and how many are living together without being married? Personal contact, and indirect contact through the Legion of Mary, bring to many families both the stability and the special graces of the Sacrament of Matrimony.

Men are showing fine leadership in many directions. Entirely on their own initiative, they have stopped the cock-fights and basketball games in some villages on Sunday afternoons, when the missionary comes for Mass, baptisms, and marriages. And now that they are having Mass more regularly, they are painting and fixing up their village chapels.

One happy, spiritual result of logging and opening up land to agriculture, in the province of Davao, has been the influx of settlers from the Visayan Islands of Leyte, Bohol, and Cebu. Everyone would like to see the mountains reforested; but the logged-off lowlands are covered with rich soil that readily grows hemp, coconuts, coffee, citrus, peanuts and other crops.

This homesteading has taken many of the schismatic Aglipayans away from their former homes and has broken home ties to schism. They have been more confused in their allegiance than actually weak in their faith. Some return to the true Faith through marriage. Others are rather easily persuaded to return when they come to have their children baptized. And almost all Aglipayan students who enter the mission high schools are true Catholics before they graduate. Their reason

for not changing when they were at home? "I was ashamed."

It is one of the merits of the Filipinos that they have very strong loyalties. Perhaps it is one of the reasons why they held on to their Catholic Faith for centuries, in spite of having very few priests—or none at all. It definitely is one of the reasons why the spiritual relationship of a sponsor at baptism is strong. The very strength of that bond works much good, but sometimes it works in reverse. For example, if a sponsor leaves the Church for one excuse or another, the godchild will sometimes go out with him. The reason? "I was ashamed not to."

Perhaps their deep loyalties are a part of the wholesome goodness that shines in their peaceful, relaxed faces, and that is demonstrated by their hospitality. Their special reverence and friendliness towards American missionaries are unmistakable. Faces light up with the joy of heaven itself as adults greet the Padre.

It is a part of the Filipinos' concern with the heart of life that their dominant virtue is akin to charity. If a person is not agreeable and pleasant in word, deed, and manner, he rates as nothing and will accomplish nothing. In their minds, efficiency is no substitute for charity.

Knowing that such goodness is to their credit, we easily forgive their quick tempers and their Filipino time—which defies Gregorian calendar, the best Swiss watches, and the whole solar system. We must be ready to forgive the diluting of their sense of honesty by age-long poverty and by the ravages of war.

The Philippine Islands face an unlimited future. The riches of their soil

and natural resources have scarcely been touched. Their wealthy people, who up to now have tended to invest their money abroad, are beginning to believe they can finance and manage their own economy.

Filipino revolutionary heroes did not die in vain. Their distinctive natural qualities and physical assets can remain alongside the growing pains of national independence and growth.

Let the music and beautiful, wholesome dances make Filipino hearts sing. Let the orchids hang from coconut hulls on every nipa hut. Let the coconut palms and bamboo clusters match the beauty of broad acres of green rice and form, with the cloud banks over mountains, the unmatched beauty of Laguna. Let the flaming poinsettias explode their crimson balls of fire, and the sugarcane lift silver heads, all the way to the "Swiss Alps" of Baguio.

Let Mount Apo lift its volcano into the clouds of Davao. Calmly and rhythmically, the hand-planting of rice in paddies can go on along with the Biblical winnowing of hulled rice in the wind. Little oil lamps will still shine through the exquisite shell windows that are the alabaster of the Philippines. And mothers will continue to train their children in the essentials of their Faith.

A new light of faith is shining in Filipino hearts. Vocations to the priesthood and Sisterhood are increasing. Lay apostles—Barangay and Legion of Mary leaders, as well as catechists—are multiplying. And the people can boast of their own secular institute, the Oblates of Our Lady, found mostly in Cotabato. For Asia, and perhaps for the world, the Philippines truly are tomorrow's land.



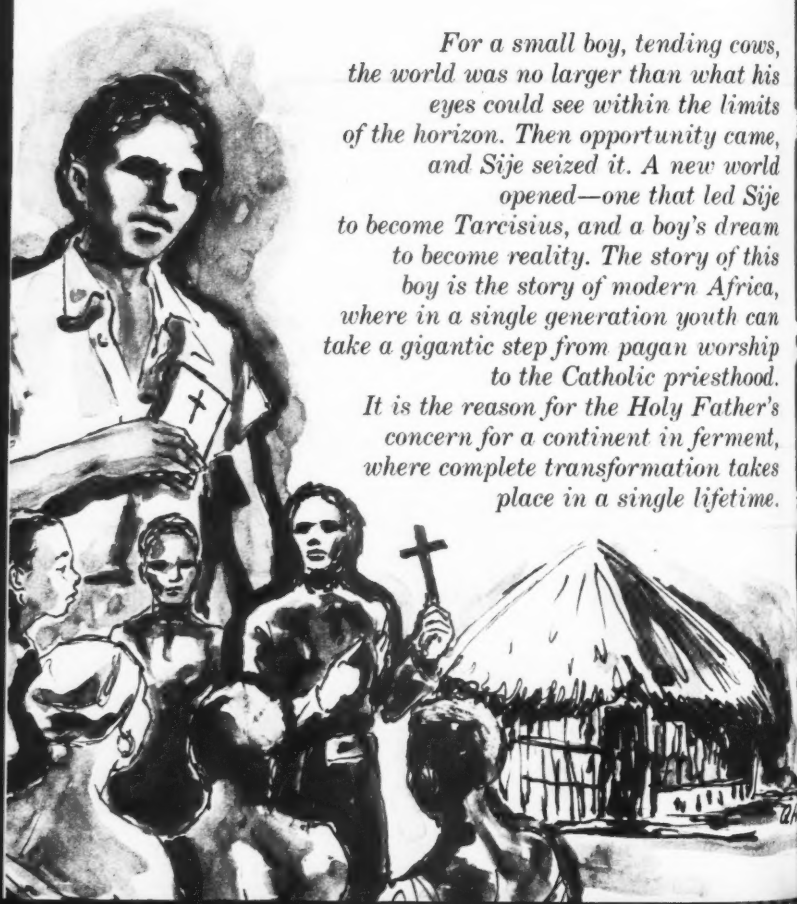
On Main Street, Magugpo,  
Father Regan and friend



By Dan O'Callahan

# Tarcisius Becomes a Priest

*For a small boy, tending cows, the world was no larger than what his eyes could see within the limits of the horizon. Then opportunity came, and Sije seized it. A new world opened—one that led Sije to become Tarcisius, and a boy's dream to become reality. The story of this boy is the story of modern Africa, where in a single generation youth can take a gigantic step from pagan worship to the Catholic priesthood. It is the reason for the Holy Father's concern for a continent in ferment, where complete transformation takes place in a single lifetime.*



**T**O MANY AMERICANS who grew up on a diet of Tarzan and Frank Buck, the picture formed of an African is that of a tribesman who lives in the bush, wears little clothing, wields a spear, has three or four wives, and visits the witch doctor when he is sick.

In some instances this impression is still accurate, but that it is no longer universally true is evident by an event that took place in Musoma, Tanganyika, recently—the ordination to the priesthood of a young African, Tarcisius Sije.

Sije was born into the Luo tribe, which inhabits the shore line of Lake Victoria and extends up into Kenya. His father is a pagan who lives a primitive tribal life and has eight wives instead of the expected three or four. In the ordinary course of events, Sije would have had a little schooling if he was lucky, spent most of his boyhood tending the family cattle, and worked hard to save enough money to buy a wife. It would be a life without much meaning.

But two months after his fourteenth birthday, the Catholic mission opened a school near his home. Sije's father sensed the value of some education for his son, and although he had no regard for the Christian religion, allowed the boy to be enrolled.

As Sije grew older, he couldn't help but notice the alterations in the daily life of his people, which, until the arrival of the missionaries, had moved in a slow and monotonous pace. The schools and dispensaries operated by the missionaries worked improvements in the hygienic, educational and social life of the Luos. Quite typically, the younger generation, Sije included, was the first to accept the changes.

Young Sije was a thoughtful boy, and he pondered on the changes he saw. As he witnessed the spiritual accomplishments of the missionaries and saw many of his own people revolutionizing their lives, his own pagan way of life began to be an embarrassment and shame to him. The longer he observed the sacrifices being made by the missionaries in behalf of his people, the more convinced he became that the Christian religion of one God was the true religion.

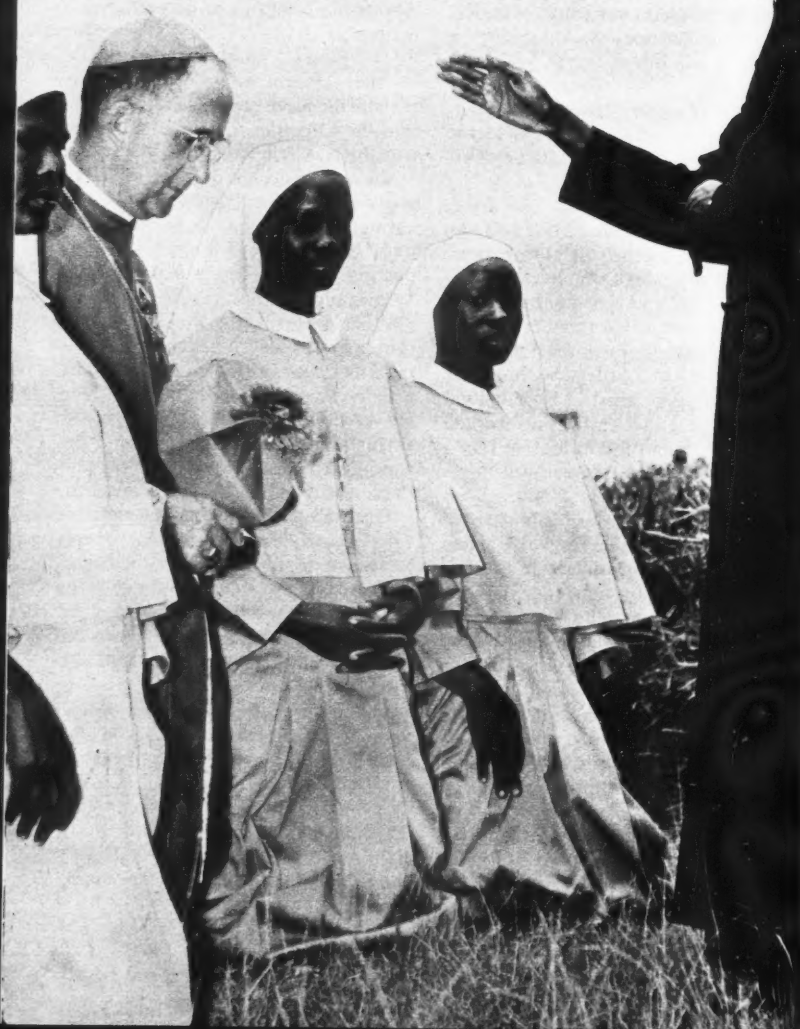
Sije openly declared his desire to become a Christian. His father objected strongly but the boy persevered. Finally the father yielded, possibly expecting that the long journey to baptism would discourage his son.

When a prospective convert in East Africa states his intention of becoming a Christian, he first studies prayers, usually at a mission outstation. The Prayer Course, as it is known, lasts for three months. During this time, the candidate is tested and observed, and the sincerity of his conviction revealed.

Once the Prayer Course is successfully passed, the prospective convert starts a six-month course in the beginner's catechism. He is examined by the missionary at the end of the course; and if he passes, he is promoted into the advanced catechism course which also lasts six months.

Upon completion of the catechism course, the catechumen leaves his village and goes to the central mission for the Sacrament Course. He is to live and study at the mission for six months. Here the missionary takes a more direct hand in his formation. At the end of the Sacrament Course, he is again examined. If he passes the test, he is accepted into the Church and baptized.

**Father Sije's first blessing**  
is given to Bishop Rudin  
and Maryknoll's African Sisters.



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At his baptism, Sije took the name Tarcisius. The youth showed a great fervor in things religious, and it was no great surprise when the boy announced that he wished to become a priest and work among his own people.

Tarcisius entered the minor seminary. There were many obstacles. He received no help from his father but had to earn his board himself. When he returned home on vacations, his father used every means to try and dissuade him from his vocation. Nevertheless, the determined young man persisted, and at last knelt before Maryknoll's Bishop John J. Rudin and was ordained to the priesthood.

In the ordination sermon, Bishop Rudin pointed out the great transition in the life of Tarcisius when he said: "It is a great lesson in faith to see how young Africans like Father Sije develop during their seminary training. Only a few years ago, he was chasing about the fields and pastures, tending his father's cattle. His world was no larger than what his eyes could see within the limits of the horizon.

"But as he advanced in the study of languages, mathematics, philosophy, and theology, a whole new world opened up before him, and he grasped the significance of his calling. He learned to tell himself: 'God needs me. He needs me to create happiness, to make others happy, to make them happy forever and ever.' It is a tremendous privilege to us to be God's instruments in this impressive process of transformation."

Tarcisius' ordination was a big day for his people. From early morning, chiefs of neighboring tribes and thousands of Luos began gathering at the mission. When the ancient rites of the

ordination ceremony ended, the tribal celebration got underway with the beating of skin-covered oil drums—loud and rhythmic. The tribal dancers in glaring costumes kept pace with the drummers until long after the sun went down. Included in the African celebration was a huge feast with a main course of eleven barbecued cows. The day ended with evening Benediction given by the new priest.

For Father Sije, his mission is just beginning. He has been assigned to work with Maryknollers among some 65,000 of his own tribesmen. To his people, he is a symbol of many things. For not only is he a holy man who has mastered academic subjects, but he is also a scholar who has received training in medicine, farming and animal husbandry.

For Maryknollers, Father Sije's ordination is a confirmation of their work of founding an African Church—a Church that is daily growing in strength. Father Sije joins 1,811 other African priests and 23 African bishops. He will minister to a Catholic population that is also increasing. Today there are 25 million Catholics on the continent.

The late Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, regarded Africa as the brightest star in the future of the Church. He focused the eyes of the Catholic world on Africa with the publication of his encyclical letter, *Fidei Donum*. In this important document, the Holy Father rejoiced over the expansion of the Church in Africa. Pope John XXIII has let the world know that his sentiments are the same.

The ordination of Father Sije is just one more example to justify the confidence of the Holy See in the future of Africa and its people.

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**"Of repeated, yet never old"** describes tale told by Father William Galvin.

**L**EGEND tells of how the god, Maui, went fishing one day. Each time he pulled up his line, it brought up a spot of land and thus the Hawaiian Islands were born. In these islands of breathtaking natural beauty, Maryknollers staff seventeen parishes. Most of the parishes are located in back country that has a real mission flavor. Their parishioners are people of many and mixed nationalities who work on plantations. The life of the missionary is sometimes interrupted by the frightening grandeur of a volcano in eruption.

## VOLCANO MISSION

Color Photographs by

Robert Mackesy, M.M.

**The new bride (left)** is a volunteer religion teacher at Sacred Heart Parish.

## Death of a Village

WHEN Hawaii's Puu Laimana volcano erupted suddenly along a two-mile front, it sent a wall of lava on a rampage that destroyed farmland, a school, homes and a village. For ten days bulldozers labored to throw up a fifteen-foot-high dike in the hope that the lava flow could be diverted but nature proved the stronger. All of this took place in the parish of Father Joseph P. McGinn, of Philadelphia. When the volcano finally quieted, Father McGinn had the sad task of finding homes for his burned-out parishioners.



**Volcano padre, Father Jos. McGinn**

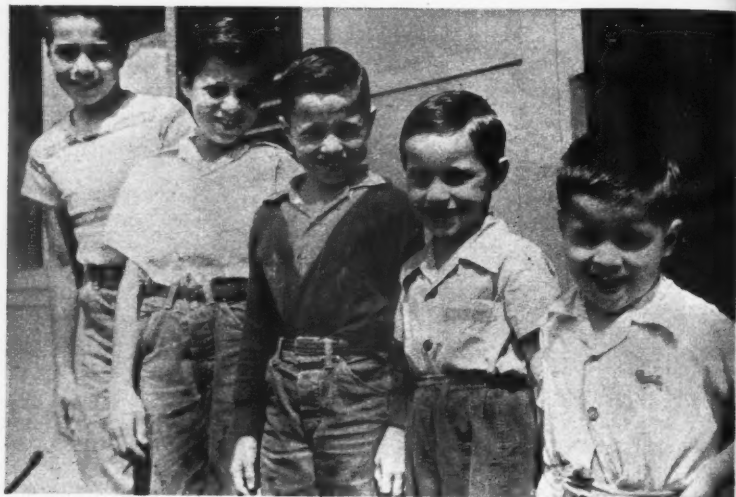


**Kilauea-Iki  
in eruption**

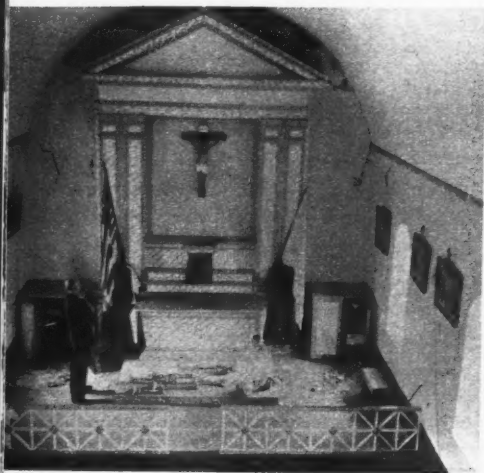




**Bertrand Miranda** lives on a steer ranch in Father Raymond Gaspard's parish. His five fingers indicate the major cultures of Hawaii—Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Korean, and Hawaiian. Bertrand himself has a Portuguese father and Chinese mother. The ragged hat, once his father's, is a prized possession.



**Five young citizens of America's newest State wait for an altar-boy meeting.**



**Earthquake damage  
to St. Paul's Church**

**Even small boys like  
Ron Branco can spear  
their supper from  
Hawaii's bountiful waters.**



## "The idea of an absolute God is hard for Japan to accept."

**F**ather Christopher K. Maino is a native of Detroit, Michigan. During World War II, he was a carrier pilot on the St. Lo, when it was sunk at Leyte. He was ordained at Maryknoll in 1951 and was assigned to work in Japan.

**Q** *Father Maino, has the Catholic Church much influence in Japan today?*

**A** In proportion to its numbers, the Church has a very strong influence; but in the overall picture, the numbers are so infinitesimal that it does not have a very marked influence on the general life of Japan. But there are many outstanding and significant Catholics.

**Q** *Can you give us an example?*

**A** The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is an outstanding Catholic. He is very militant and has written several books in explanation of his religion.

**Q** *Father, can you tell us something about the Church in Hokkaido, Japan's northernmost island. How long has it been here?*

**A** Quite a while. I should say close to a hundred years. The first missionaries were from the Paris Foreign Mis-

sions Society; but they were replaced by Franciscans from Fulda, a province of Germany, and they labored here for many years under great hardships and primitive conditions. Over the years there has been a small but very well trained Japanese clergy developed. Since the war many new missionaries have come to Hokkaido, some from China.

**Q** *The Japanese were not the original inhabitants of Hokkaido, were they?*

**A** No. The original inhabitants are called Ainu and they are a very interesting people, ethnologically speaking. They are not considered Orientals but their origin is believed to be central Europe.

**Q** *They don't look like Japanese?*

**A** In general appearance they are small like the Japanese and they are dark. But they are very different in

facial structure. Their eyes are not slanted, and they have much more hair on their faces, than the Japanese, particularly their eyebrows and eyelashes.

**Q** *Are they still a people apart?*

**A** The Ainus are gradually disappearing through intermarriage with the Japanese. But even more than that their numbers were decimated by contagious diseases which they contracted from the Japanese and other foreigners two centuries ago. There was a great plague among them, probably smallpox. Today there are very few pure-blooded Ainus left.

**Q** *It has been said the bear plays an important role in Ainu life. Do you know anything about this?*

**A** Not too much. I know that every year they have a bear festival which is definitely religious in its origin. In the old days, they were hunters, and they believed that by this festival they somehow obtained the strength and courage of the bear, their natural enemy.

**Q** *Have the Ainus taken to Christianity?*

**A** No. There are very few converts among the Ainu, especially when they remain in Ainu villages. Once they take up life in the city and break tribal ties, they are converted in about the same proportion as the Japanese.

**Q** *What is the reason for resistance?*

**A** Strong tribal bonds and the fact that they have their own primitive religion. They are very zealous in guarding the secrets of this religion and no non-Ainu knows much about it.

**Q** *Father, can you tell us something about Maryknoll on Hokkaido?*

**A** The Maryknoll Fathers came here about six years ago and replaced Japanese clergy in four parishes. During these years our numbers increased and we now have eight parishes.

**Q** *Father, will you tell us something about reaching the Japanese mind? What appeals to the Japanese in Christianity and what is hard to get across?*

**A** I think the things they appreciate most are our religious ceremonies—the sense of solemnity and the liturgy, the prayerful atmosphere of our churches. The Japanese seem to be a people who are very strongly influenced through their emotions, and our music and our prayers and our liturgy are most appealing, but they find many difficulties with our doctrine. They don't have the Christian background or sense of history that most Western people have regarding Christianity. Our theology is entirely new to them. The idea of an absolute God, a Creator of all things to whom we have absolute duties, is hard for them to accept. This is the biggest obstacle.

**Q** *In Korea, the people have the same beliefs as in Japan. Yet in Korea, conversions are made by the thousands. It is not uncommon to have a Korean parish with several hundred preparing for baptism. How explain the difference?*

**A** I think there are many reasons. First, Buddhism never really took hold in Korea as it did here. Although most Japanese are only traditional Buddhists, paying little more than lip serv-

ice, Buddhism has become an important part of their traditions and customs. Secondly, in the last hundred years, Japan has made tremendous strides in developing into a modern industrial civilization with all the attendant social evils that a heavily industrialized and urban life brings. In Japan, too, there is a sense of materialism connected with modern pleasures which I don't think you will find in a rural country like Korea.

**Q** *Father, the spirit of the people on Hokkaido seems to be different from that of the people on the central island.*

**A** Well, this is a primitive country and the Japanese here have a pioneer spirit. They are more open and friendly with a hospitality for and interest in foreigners not found in central Japan.

**Q** *Does this pioneer spirit make them more receptive to Christianity?*

**A** I don't know if it makes them more receptive but it does make them more approachable. We get to know them more easily and it is easy to talk to them. But it is a long process before they are developed in a religious sense to the point where they can appreciate the strong moral code of Christianity.

**Q** *How big is your parish here in Tomakomai?*

**A** The city itself has about 50,000 people but our parish covers 100 miles along the coastline and inland about 40 miles at its farthest point.

**Q** *How many Christians do you have?*

**A** Approximately 200.

**Q** *Is this number indicative of the difficulty of reaching the Japanese?*

**A** Very much so. But also there are other factors. Another parish was cut off from Tomakomai, and there has been a movement to the larger cities.

**Q** *Can you describe just where we are in relation to Tokyo?*

**A** There are four main islands of Japan. The one most familiar to Americans is Honshu on which are located the large cities like Tokyo, Osaka and Kyoto. Hokkaido is the northernmost island of the four. It is north of Honshu—between the Russian held island of Sakhalin and Honshu. It is the least populated of Japan's main islands.

**Q** *That locates us very well, Father. Before we end this interview, will you sum up? Do you look forward with optimism to the years ahead?*

**A** I certainly have an optimistic outlook. We know that we have the Truth. We know, too, that the Japanese people are searching for the Truth. They don't realize yet that it is Christianity. Since the war, the number of Christians has been steadily, if slowly, increasing. Among the converts, a good percentage are strong, well-instructed Catholics who are giving a solid faith to their children. Through education of these children we expect to raise up subsequent generations of strong and fervent Christians. Japan has a great tradition. Four centuries ago, in the days after Saint Francis Xavier, there were many martyrs. This is a wonderful and strong base on which to build the Church of tomorrow.



# THE DEATH OF ANDREW KIM

September 16, 1845

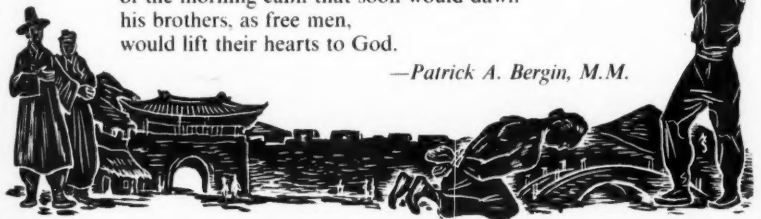
It was a gentle rain, a tender rain,  
that fell on men and oxen  
plodding home from patchwork fields of rice  
which slowly grew green-gold to head.

Below the river bridge on new-dyed sand,  
where Andrew Kim had hallowed all Korea  
with his blood, the rain dropped—  
not as cleansing fluid, but softly,  
awfully,  
as men do when they tread on holy ground.

It paused to wonder how a hero died  
and fought with peace the tyranny of hate  
and then it left  
as simply as it came.

But as the day died crimson in the west,  
the heavens mirrored Korea's glory.  
For in the stillness  
of the morning calm that soon would dawn  
his brothers, as free men,  
would lift their hearts to God.

—Patrick A. Bergin, M.M.





# MY FIRST MISSION TRIP



By Timothy J. Connair, M.M.

*Travel through a jungle  
that is raw and cruel  
to be a good Samaritan to people  
smarting from long neglect.*

**I** AROSE Monday morning to get an early start on my first mission trip from the country parish of Porvenir to a settlement called Santa Lourdes, in Bolivia. My poor old horse, Julio, was loaded and waiting.

After crossing the stream on the south of town, I was soon jogging along the trail that cuts a swath through the dense jungle. Julio had to step over fallen trees. As we made our way through some thick brush to get around an obstacle, my left foot got caught by a big vine. Before I could stop Julio, the left stirrup tore loose from its mooring.

An hour later I pulled into a clearing that had a couple of houses. Waiting for me was Cuca, a thirteen-year-old who was to be my guide. Cuca mounted the ox on which he had come from his jungle home.

Soon we were fording a good-sized arroyo. Then we entered thick jungle, through which a footpath led. There were many trails crossing it, and I marveled at Cuca's ability to choose the correct one. My stirrup tore loose for a second time, as we were going through some particularly dense brush.

I passed the burned-out trunk of a *castana* tree that was more than six feet in diameter. The *castana* is the giant of this jungle. Its huge trunk rises majestically for 50 feet, before

MARYKNOLL

thrusting tentacle-like branches. From these dangle nut pods—looking like ornaments on a Christmas tree.

Four hours of struggling through the jungle brought us there. Santa Lourdes, in the late afternoon sun, was a grass-carpeted valley. Its houses are raised on pilings, and its grove of orange trees looked to me like a bit of paradise.

The first people we met were Spanish-speaking Bolivians—the chief of police, his assistant, and the customs official. They directed me to the administrator's house. I swung out of the saddle, unfastened the belt with its automatic and hunting knife—constant companions on any jungle trip. Then I climbed the steps to meet Don Jose Martin.

Don Jose, a Brazilian, is a dark-skinned, stocky man with graying and curly hair. A widower, he is now living with a woman whose husband is in parts unknown. He told me that the letter I had sent several weeks ago had been delayed, so the people would not be in until Tuesday. After supper we sat around on the front porch. I was just a spectator, since all the conversation was in Portuguese. I was glad when the group broke up, so I could get to bed after a day in the saddle.

Before Mass next morning, I talked with the wife of the police chief and another girl who spoke Spanish. Neither of them had received First Communion, though the younger was eighteen. I told them to come to a class that afternoon and prepare with others to receive Communion. But one was only civilly married, and the other was living in concubinage.

After breakfast I baptized the baby of a couple who had to leave that aft-

ernoon. Then I went to the building that is a primary school, a police station, registrar's office, custom office, and home for the chief of police. His family, his assistant, and the customs official and his concubine, live there. They were the only ones who spoke Spanish. Of necessity I spent much of my time with them.

The customs official —24, the chief of police —30, treated me cordially. Too bad that they don't see a priest oftener. Maybe they could thus be persuaded to respect the marriage laws of the Church.

Wednesday morning I lined up nine babies and their godparents. I told the godparents to repeat the answers after me. During the ceremony, one godfather blurted out, "I don't understand what you're saying." I told him not to worry, but just to repeat the customary responses of a godparent after me. He did.

Most of the people left the settlement Thursday morning. I had taken care of the essentials, so I decided to leave, too. I was up at six to get an early start. But I had to wait until my guide found his animal. When he could not locate his own, he borrowed a mule from the customs man. I had to wait while he ate breakfast.

We got away at eight, and the trip back to San Luis took two and a quarter hours. The distance had taken four hours in the opposite direction. I thanked my guide for his trouble, and continued on alone from San Luis.

At noon I celebrated Mass in the new home of a friend who hopes to get married soon. After lunch I blessed his home. Shortly after three o'clock, I was back in Porvenir, having completed my first mission trip. ■ ■

James W. Mundell, M.M.

# PARISH WITHOUT END

*After four centuries of  
apathy, a groundswell of hope  
on Chile's uncharted frontier*

IT is of common accord that Chile is the most pleasingly diversified country in Latin America, and that its people, of all peoples, are graced by the good God with an extraordinary amount of charm and warmth.

Reserved for the adventurous who are willing to brave the wind and rain, the mud, dust and mountains, is a Shangri-La called Chol-Chol—with its vast, southern valleys terminating abruptly in the pounding surf on the



western shores of the Pacific. Nestled on the verdant slopes of this frontier region are the thatched *rucas* of eleven thousand Mapuche Indians and more than two thousand poor Chilean "backlanders." These are the parishioners of Chol-Chol.

It is interesting that there are no recorded limits to this territory, and it cannot be proved that the parish has ever been canonically established. Several decades ago, when the Indians were on the warpath killing the whites and burning their homes, Chol-Chol was a small mission attached to a parish many miles to the north. A thorough search has been made of the books of that parish, as well as the records in the chancery offices of Temuco and Concepcion. Not a word can be found concerning the foundation of a parish in Chol-Chol.

Though many Mapuches reside only ten kilometers from the fruits of civilization, they are content to live in the same manner as their warlike ancestors of three and four centuries ago—thoroughly pacified now by the liquor and the vices of the white men.

The problem of evangelization is formidable. The Spaniards did not conquer the Mapuches; the Chileans did not conquer the Mapuches; and one wonders if the Lord Himself is going to conquer the Mapuches. The area is extensive and the people are widely dispersed. No statistics are available, but Chol-Chol's illiteracy rate approaches ninety-eight per cent. Religious indifferentism is equally prevalent; and superstition, as in other Indian-populated parts of Latin America, is rampant. In nearly every valley, just after sundown, the beating of witch-doctor drums can be heard.

A considerable portion of their superstition, much of which antedates the arrival of the Spaniards in 1536, emphasizes the *guillatun*—a primitive ceremony calling upon the gods for rain or a bountiful harvest. A large wooden cross is erected in an open field; then by moonlight, Indians from several districts gather and parade around the cross, chanting weird invocations. Four witch doctors offer a plate of wheat seedlings and the entrails of a lamb as the tempo of the drums increases, turning the march into a dance. A lamb is killed and its blood is spattered onto the cross. Then all partake of a sacrificial meal.

The Indian situation in Chile seems to be distinct from conditions in Peru, Bolivia, and Central America. What Christianity is here, is often of Protestant vintage. In Chol-Chol, for instance—where there are more Mapuches than in any other area, comprising eighty per cent of the parish—Anglican missionaries have been engaged in mission efforts for more than sixty years. They have worked hard and have a hospital and a school—larger and with more prestige than ours—though we are slowly gaining ground.

In the parish pueblo, live more than 900 people—nearly all Chileans. Here, of course, are located the mission church, rectory, a school with 200 students, living quarters for thirty-seven boarders, the convent for six Chilean Franciscan Sisters, and a clinic that the Padres operate—caring for about 5,000 patients annually. Father Frederick J. Hegarty, of East Orange, New Jersey, is pastor.

Also on our property are two motorized units, one of which, the Unimog, deserves special mention. It is a



**The author, a native of Washington, D.C., joins Chol-Chol's school children during recess period to learn Mapuche Indian version of the Virginia Reel.**

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powerful German machine, used by Rommel's troops in the African campaign. Because our jeep is incapable of being driven from the pueblo during the winter months, the Unimog is used constantly. Only eighteen inches from the ground, it has tractor-like wheels, four-wheel drive, and block-differential that engages each wheel separately. Its ability to churn through several feet of oozing mud is amazing.

There are thirty, one-room country schools in the environs of Chol-Chol. Six are public; the remainder are private, owned and managed by Indians, or, in some cases, by Chileans. Of necessity, these schools receive a generous subsidy from the Government.

Though many of the teachers are Protestants, nearly all are sympathetic towards the Church. In schools where the teachers are Catholics we teach catechism and offer Mass regularly.

A project on which we are working hard is the catechetical program. We have between twenty-five and thirty volunteer catechists to date, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty, who teach catechism on Sunday in the local schools of their regions. Our catechists come into the pueblo once a month for conferences, discussions, and teacher-training courses.

One of the most successful is a tall, lanky, twenty-one-year-old Mapuche with an utterly blank expression. A couple of years ago, he ambled into the clinic and complained about persistent headaches. I gave him an aspirin—and also a catechism. Each time he returned for more aspirin, he recited the catechism answers that he had memorized. After a few months, he received First Communion. Now, Leoncio is a ball of apostolic fire—even though we suspect, at times, that

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he is only a step ahead of his pupils.

When Maryknoll's Father Martin P. Dunne, of New York City, pioneer pastor of Chol-Chol, opened the school and brought in Chilean-born, Franciscan Sisters twelve years ago, a record enrollment was immediately achieved. But because of the quiet, persistent efforts of the Protestants, the enrollment slipped. At present it is climbing steadily back to its peak.

It is extremely difficult to inject practical spirituality into Chol-Chol children. Traditionally, for a youngster to attend Mass during the week, or make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, constitutes an exception. But during the last few weeks we have been concentrating on the ten-year-olds, and the result is a steadily increasing number of students at Mass each morning. Recently, thanks to Sister Tarcisia, small groups of children have been making the Stations of the Cross alone before Mass. The Sister employs an interesting psychological device to maintain their interest: she appoints twelve "apostles" for a certain day. The child who doesn't show up is, of course, Judas.

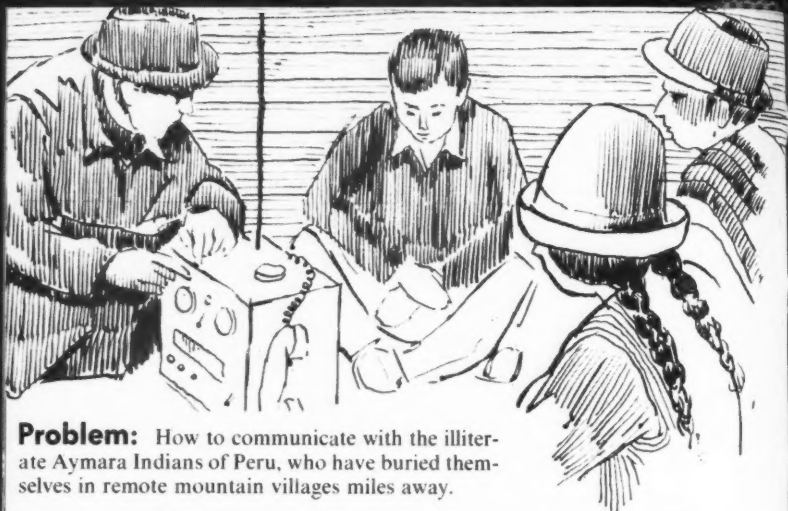
Obviously, Chol-Chol's future is being considerably enhanced by a revitalized Catholicism. The great spiritual void in the hearts and souls of our

people, children as well as adults, is being filled. Old wounds are healing, thanks to the sacramental life and catechetical education.

But as optimistic as this may sound, it is really only a beginning. For we are convinced that our parish is without end, not only geographically, but also apostolically. We have blueprints for many plans that we hope to implement during the next decade: community development, leadership training, social awareness, and Catholic Action. We have many dreams for our Mapuche children, who are being insulated from superstition and slowly weaned from ignorance and illiteracy. After they attain adulthood, we see them as mature apostolic men and women, a nucleus for family strength and solidarity. We see many as mothers and fathers who will inspire and lead their own children toward the religious state. We see them as leaders in the community, and perhaps a few of them—who knows?—as leaders in the nation.

It is this kind of dreaming, this goal, that maintains the dynamism of a foreign-mission vocation. Though the probability is very slight, we work and pray as though the people of Chol-Chol are the hope of tomorrow's Chile. ■ ■

**Thought for the Month of the Rosary:** "Teach us, dear Mother, to understand that we need not always know the plans of God. Take from us any ambition for self in the victory of your Son, and teach us that we must have a ministry of years of faith and effort; maybe years of suffering; maybe years of peace. And teach us, Mother, not to be like those disciples so quick to expression, so anxious to reach out to obtain the prize. Teach us to be like you, acting in God's will, always true and faithful, and wanting nothing—except God."  
—Father James M. Drought, M.M.



**Problem:** How to communicate with the illiterate Aymara Indians of Peru, who have buried themselves in remote mountain villages miles away.

**Solution:** Father Bernard F. Ryan, a Maryknoll missionary from Chicago, found the answer—the air waves via radio!

## What HE did —YOU can do!

Missioners in the Andes have found it next to impossible to communicate with the Aymaras scattered around Lake Titicaca, in the Andean altiplano. Meeting this problem head on, Father Ryan built a radio station at Las Penas. After placing receivers in sixteen Indian villages, he began broadcasting instructions in religion, health, and agriculture, in the local language.

This is but one of the many obstacles that our missionaries must tackle—and conquer. Like Father Ryan, perhaps there is a problem tailor-made for you. As a Maryknoll missionary, you can accept the challenge. Why not write to us today?

---

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

10-60

Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

AGE ..... SCHOOL ..... GRADE .....





By Thomas E. McKee, M.M.

## Love, Marriage, and Peter You

**H**ERE in Kang Hwa, Korea, I witnessed a marriage that pleased me a great deal. Peter You, from a village ten miles away, was baptized in war-time Pusan. While conditions were still upset, he returned to Kang Hwa and began living with a young woman who had no family; she worked in the home of Peter's parents.

Peter's family being wealthy and pagan, no wedding ceremony was held. Because the girl had no family, she was not regarded as an ideal wife for him. But she is attractive and very intelligent, and Peter's affection for her would not allow separation. However, as a war-time convert, Peter knew that he was not married.

Four months ago, Peter heard that missionaries had come to Kang Hwa. He sent his wife there, with instructions to stay till she got baptized, so that they could be married as Catholics. The young lady learned the doctrine well and prepared with exceptional zeal. A date was set for her baptism, for Peter's return to the sacraments, and for their marriage.

Then an incident occurred that threatened to rock the boat. Peter's mother died, having been baptized on her deathbed. A number of Catholics went out from the main parish, to recite the beautiful, old, Korean prayers for the dead. This created a storm in

the village. The people demanded that there be no Catholic ceremonies at all, only traditional pagan rites, or else no relatives, no neighbors, no one at all, would attend the funeral.

In Korean life, a funeral is a social event, greater than a wedding. Peter is the only Catholic in this wealthiest family of a large and well-to-do village. The wishes of relatives and friends were overwhelming—not to be opposed without creating chaos in the social life of the village. Peter weakened; a pagan funeral was held.

During the funeral I arrived—deliberately unannounced—accompanied by a few Catholics. With a boldness that one can use prudently to good effect, in Korea, I interrupted the rites and blessed the body, while the Catholics chanted the Litany of the Saints. I was aware of a hostile atmosphere, but relied on the liturgy of the Church to sell itself.

Later the young couple came; I baptized Peter's wife and gave their wedding all the ceremony possible. A great many pagan relatives and friends were present. Later I learned the effect of my efforts concerning this family. The people in their village were impressed with the Catholic prayers at the funeral and by the Nuptial Mass. Peter's relatives are now favorable towards the Church. ■ ■



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**"That they all may be one,  
even as thou, Father, in me and I in thee."**

# ecumenical litany

For the many times we have looked at the specks in the eyes of our non-Catholic brothers and sisters, rather than at their sincere faith and perseverance and good will, *Lord, forgive us.*

For our sarcasm, narrow-mindedness, and exaggerations in controversy, and our hardness and severe judgments in their regard, *Lord forgive us.*

For the bad example that we give in our lives—thereby discouraging, lessening, or even destroying, the effect of Thy grace in their souls—*Lord, forgive us.*

For our forgetfulness to pray for them often, warmly, and with brotherly love, *Lord forgive us.*

In spite of differences of language, color, and nationality, *Jesus, make us one.*

In spite of our ignorance of one another, of our prejudices and our dislikes, *Jesus, make us one.*

In spite of all spiritual and intellectual barriers, *Jesus, make us one.*

O God, for Thine own greater glory, *bring together us separated Christians.*

O God, for the triumph of goodness and truth, *bring together us separated Christians.*

O God, that there may be one sheepfold for the one Shepherd, *bring together us separated Christians.*

O God, that peace may reign in the world, *bring together us separated Christians.*

O God, to fill the heart of Thy Son with joy, *bring together us separated Christians.*



# GOD'S MINSTREL MEN

By Thomas P. O'Rourke, M.M.

**M**OST of the Mayan music I've heard here in Yucatan is melancholy—as if the composer had known that the heart's desire could never be realized. That melancholic strain can be heard in the brand of Gregorian Chant sung by our Yucatecan cantors.

A cantor is a singer; he is his own accompanist on a portable organ. Singing and playing are his means of livelihood. Many a melody sung by a cantor ends in a sad wheeze, which may result from the limited number of cantors, and the demand for their services is almost endless. Or it may be due to the sad fact that cantors have sung too hard and too often. Memorial services in private homes take a great deal of their time. Custom demands that a service be sung at the hour when death came, be it one o'clock in the morning. And volume outweighs quality.

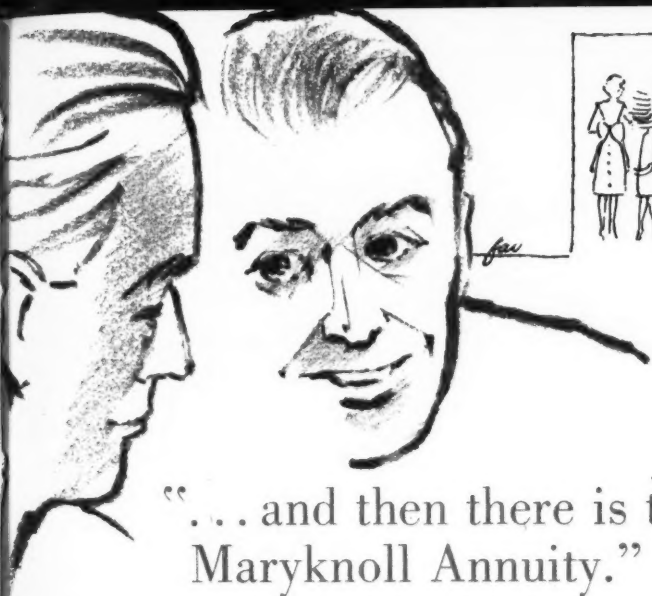
"He's a shouter," is the highest praise local folk can give a cantor.

A cantor is a good companion on

the road. He is willing to use his portable organ as a wedge with which to insure a place in the bus or train for the Padre. Cantors are generous with their musical skill, and are willing to teach a few new tunes to the faithful. I would not accuse cantors of spreading false ideas. But surely they have profited by a saying now in vogue: "Low Masses are good enough for the dead; but only a High Mass will do for someone living."

Not surprising is the fact that each portable organ is handed on from generation to generation. What is almost unbelievable, is that the instruments still function.

Encouraging is the improvement I can hear in the singing of the younger generation. I hope it's not merely due to younger voices. These young people have had a chance to learn Gregorian Chant. In some parishes, cantors have stiff competition from the faithful—who have begun to learn the common Church chants. ■■



“...and then there is this  
Maryknoll Annuity.”

While the wives were clearing away the dishes, Fred and Walter made small talk that inevitably found its way to retirement prospects and old age benefits. Through a booklet he had read called, *How to Keep While Giving*, Fred had learned of Maryknoll's popular Annuity Plan and how it works.

Walter leaned forward with interest while Fred went on to explain Maryknoll's work in twelve foreign countries, and the young Americans she trains for the priesthood. “Your money,” Fred continued, “can serve a two-fold purpose. While getting a guaranteed income for life, you help support the foreign missions through the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America—Maryknoll's legal title.”

Why don't YOU send for our FREE booklet explaining a Maryknoll Annuity and, like Fred and Walter, find

out how your money can work two ways? Your money will be doubly safe because of the experience of our investment advisors and the strict supervision of the New York State Insurance Department. There are tax benefits afforded by state and federal governments. Learn about them in this booklet.

Remember — a Maryknoll Annuity helps you and your Church. Act today!

**Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, N. Y.**

10-60-A

Dear Fathers,

Please send your FREE booklet, *How to Keep While Giving*. I understand there are no obligations on my part.

Name .....

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## An Afternoon at the Beach

By Albert J. Nevins, M.M.

**L**IFE SOMETIMES gets unexpectedly complicated. That's the opinion of Dr. Jimmy Hsieh, a professor at the Catholic University of America. The reason for Dr. Hsieh's confusion is that he has a problem that he does not quite know how to handle. The problem is how he is to explain to his small daughter why she could not go swimming at a beach on the Fourth of July.

It seems that Dr. Hsieh, his wife and daughter set off for an Independence Day outing with a friend, Martin Glassner from the State Department, and his family. Neighbors had recommended Beverley Beach on Chesapeake Bay to Mrs. Hsieh as a pleasant place for an outing. When this beach was reached, the Glassners were waved in after paying a fifty-cent fee. Dr. Hsieh was denied admittance on the grounds that the beach was open only to people of the white race.

Mr. Glassner and his wife went back to help their friends. They were handed a small card that read: "Membership limited to Caucasians only." Mrs. Glassner was in tears. She was a German refugee who had hidden from the Nazis in Poland for two years. "I went through this sort of thing in Europe," she said. "I didn't believe it could happen here."

A private policeman drove up and told the two families to leave imme-

diately. They did; driving north several miles to another beach. But the same private policeman was already waiting there for them. "You're not wanted here," he said. So the two families drove home, and the children spent the rest of their Fourth of July in a neighbor's wading pool in Virginia.

"We came to America seeking knowledge," Dr. Hsieh remarked. "I like America very much. This is the first time in ten years I cannot go to a beach. I regret this very much for my daughter. She is American. I cannot explain to her why she cannot swim. Especially on July Fourth, when everybody celebrates.

"My wife and I are trying to settle down in this country. But we are very discouraged now. We should not have discrimination. My little daughter asks why. How can I explain to her?"

HOW CAN Jimmy Hsieh explain to a child that in the eyes of some Americans she is only a second-class citizen? How can he justify the undying words signed by American patriots on a Fourth of July almost two hundred years earlier: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

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Prejudice or bigotry based on race or religion is a terrible thing because it not only damages the innocent but it also warps and perverts the one who practices it. Prejudice stifles character development and creates an ingrown personality. Prejudice blinds, because it is governed not by logic or intelligence, but by emotion.

Prejudice really has its roots in fear, and fear is the lack of understanding and education. Julius Nyerere, the brilliant young political leader in Tanganyika, was asked during a recent trip to the United States for his opinion on racial tensions in the South. He replied that he believes that these tensions are basically economic—one group trying to preserve its economic superiority, lest concessions lower its standard of living. It was a very shrewd analysis by a non-American.

People oppose other people because they are afraid of losing their jobs to other people. They are afraid of losing social position. They are afraid of losing political power. They are often victims of a sense of guilt because of past injuries they have inflicted. All of these fears build up tensions against a minority group.

Catholics cannot look upon accidental differences without seeing the essential sameness in all men. The soul of man is fashioned in the image and likeness of God, and therefore we are all basically the same. Moreover, our religion tells us that the soul of every person is infinitely precious because it has been redeemed by the blood of Christ. By our Faith, we know that mankind has unity; by our creation, all men have a spiritual dignity. If we do not love all men, we cannot be Christians; for Christ made love the acid

test of His followers. A person cannot be prejudiced and be truly Catholic.

Moreover, Catholics, who themselves have been the targets of group prejudice that has no basis in fact, should have an active sympathy for any minority group that is discriminated against. The Church is represented in the minds of some Americans as a crushing monolith that would destroy all who are opposed, and that demands no deviation from a prescribed course. We Catholics know how ridiculous such a picture is and we wonder why so many cannot see the truth.

For Catholics, it is equally foolish—and more importantly, it is morally wrong—to allow preconceived and false notions, based on race or nationality, to color our judgments of people. Prejudice is not only stupid. It is un-Christian.



# Beyond Campus and Continent

By Raymond M. Boyle



**T**HE man on the rostrum was about thirty-three years old—slim, carefully groomed, and unmistakably dedicated. His audience, composed almost entirely of Holy Cross students, sat spellbound as he paced back and forth, rapidly narrating the exploits of American lay medical teams working in the jungles of Laos and South Vietnam.

The man was Doctor Tom Dooley, the founder of, and chief spokesman for, MEDICO—an organization that is providing co-op medical assistance for underdeveloped countries. On that afternoon in Worcester, Massachusetts, twelve months ago, he uttered a ringing challenge to every Catholic college student:

"Get beyond your campus and your continent—listen to the voices that speak to you from all around the world!"

Three years ago, a new journal of opinion called *World Campus* made its debut. Published at Maryknoll headquarters, it is designed to achieve the precise purpose so simply stated by Doctor Dooley: the projection of American Catholic collegiates beyond their campuses and their continent.

*World Campus* is published monthly during the college year, from October to May, with four special supplements aimed at creating a dialogue between

international students and their American counterparts. For a subscription rate of only one dollar, thousands of American students—men and women—are reading provocative material aimed directly at them. By-lined articles by such leaders and scholars as Julius Nyerere, Senator Thomas Dodd, Father John LaFarge and Thomas Merton; interviews with Tom Mboya, Christopher Dawson, Archbishop Denis Hurley and Grayson Kirk and depth profiles on a variety of world figures—these are the elements that are winning editorial acclaim in America's Catholic and collegiate press, and generating enthusiasm among educators and students.

The genesis of *World Campus* lies in the events of the last decade, particularly since Sputnik I dramatically exploded the Space Age and unveiled many carefully guarded myths about the adequacy of America's strength, moral as well as material. The reason for *World Campus* can be traced to the growing involvement of the Church in socio-political issues of international scope.

Against this background, the future editors of *World Campus* held a series of meetings at Maryknoll with a number of educators, to scrutinize the broad facets of American campus life.

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Without moving into academic areas, they concluded that too many Catholic students were bogged down in an apathy that rendered them not only ineffectual, but quite helpless. They agreed that for the great percentage of students, such critical issues as nuclear war, racism, world hunger and population—not to speak of materialism, communism and nationalism—were remote and obscure.

Ignorance, silence and sophistication: these seemed to constitute a trinity that enveloped the collegiate mind. And within that trinity there appeared little apostolic zeal. The majority of collegiates were not identifying themselves with the rest of humanity. That the Church, at the insistence of the last four Popes, is critically involved with the fortunes and misfortunes of the human race did not seem to stir them.

"The vast majority of the Church's men and women of tomorrow," said one critic, "are mired down somewhere between Monday's beer party and Saturday's football game. Their socio-political conscience is not numb. It is empty."

*World Campus* exists to help combat collegiate apathy by presenting socio-political issues of international significance in the hope that students will engage themselves intellectually, dynamically and personally. Intellectually—by being informed of the depth and

scope of problems that are confronting, and destroying, the human race; dynamically—by being armed with principles and convictions that can be brought to bear in any environment; personally—by being challenged to take up careers overseas in private, governmental, or apostolic service.

"Listen to the voices that speak to you from all around the world!" From the flood of correspondence crossing their desks every week, the editors of *World Campus* know that many collegiate readers are taking Tom Dooley's advice. They are beginning to listen to the pleas of the human race. They are volunteering as teachers, doctors, nurses, technicians, agriculturists, lay apostles and foreign-service personnel—some for three to five years, a few for the rest of their lives. They are walking off the campus with a spirit of dedication and enthusiasm reminiscent of the early Church.

That this young journal will continue to play an increasingly vital role in providing collegiates with a vision of themselves is the fervent hope of *World Campus* editors. They are equally confident that MARYKNOLL readers will join with them in this endeavor, by taking out gift subscriptions to *World Campus* for collegiates who are among their relatives and friends.

(A subscription blank is included at the bottom of this page.)

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your work. I realize that I can stop at any time.

# PERUVIAN MISSION

By Sister Anne Marion



**Many altiplano mamas smile because Sister's medicine keeps their tots hale.**

**W**HAT kinds of things do Sisters do when there are only two of them at a mission? Sister George Francis takes the medical work while I handle the catechetical, at our two-year-old venture some 12,000 feet high in the Andes, at Azangaro, Peru.

Each week we two go out to people beyond the city limits. On a typical trip, we start at nine in the morning. We head for the country, in the parish pickup, manned by Aurelio, the driver. Sometimes we go on horseback. The ride is picturesque, by narrow culverts, over little streams, past sheer walls of rock. Of course there is no lush vegetation. In fact, there is practically none, even a flowering cactus is an event on the trip. Inquisitive llamas

stop their chewing, on the sparse grass, long enough to get a look-see. We Sisters presume the sheep are greeting us when they "baa."

We go to the places suggested by the pastor and the head catechist. The local catechist has spread the word beforehand that we are coming on a certain date, so the sick know that they will get relief. We realize the value of the catechist in this far-flung predominantly Indian parish. He is constantly preparing groups to receive the sacraments.

When we arrive, Sister George Francis vaccinates against whooping cough or smallpox. Someone before our time popularized "*la inyeccion*," and many believe that an injection—of anything

at all—will cure ills ranging from measles to a dislocated collarbone. New infants receive their BGG shots right away to immunize them from tuberculosis, which carries off many in this area. Malnutrition and deplorable housing act as powerful counteractives to any good that the cold, crisp atmosphere might effect. Near-starvation diets and total lack of hygiene account for the high mortality rate among infants and young people.

While Sister gives medical aid, I outline religion-lesson plans for the

**Sister gives little Rosa the first inkling of the love God saves for Rosa.**



teacher in the country school. First Communion classes in the town schools keep us busy all through the school year. The teachers are cooperative and welcome us when we arrive.

We conduct these First Communion classes five times a year. With the schoolteachers' help, we round up the eligibles. We teach them each day, after hours, on the various school compounds, for a month in advance. Much groundwork must yet be done. About ninety-eight per cent of the people are Catholics, ignorant of the Faith's fundamentals.

Narrow, crooked streets faced with unpainted, adobe homes, make up Azangaro, our home base with its five thousand people. Azangaro's importance comes from its role as provincial capital and as the biggest settlement for many miles around. Vegetation is sparse; trees are almost nonexistent. The parish, like most in southern Peru's altiplano, spreads extensively beyond the town. It opens fan-shaped into the endless, thickly populated hills. The majority of the people are full-blooded Quechua Indians. They claim descent from the mighty Incas.

At the parish center, we conduct a clinic. In two years we have treated 1,788 Azangaro patients. Nine hundred and fifty eight of them did not have the money to pay for their treatment.

We teach weekly religion classes at the two-year-old Azangaro Government high school. The Maria Goretti Club establishes further contact with area girls. Volley-ball and the lending library attract members. The books make the rounds of all the members of the family.

We two Sisters only wish that we were ten!

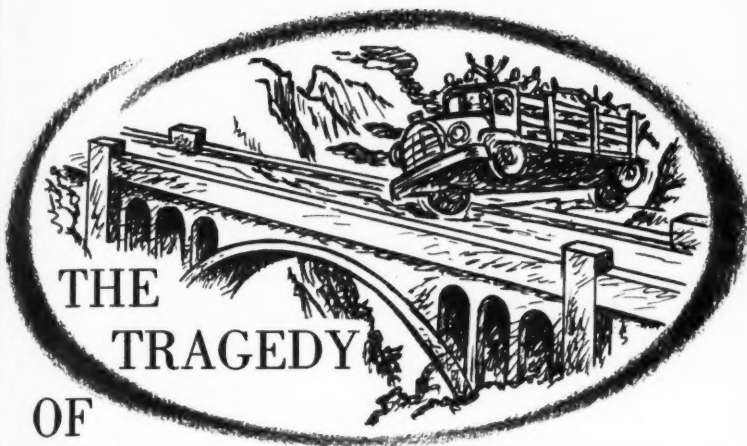


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# THE TRAGEDY OF DEER RAVINE

*A village girl disappears—  
and the stage is set  
for superstition and death.*

By R. Russell Sprinkle, M.M.

**A**LTHOUGH it happened over a year ago, the people of Deer Ravine County, in central Formosa, are still talking about the strange chain of events that spelled tragedy for forty Formosan men and women.

The first link was forged with the mysterious disappearance of a young non-Christian girl several miles north of my mission of Lu Ku Hsiang. Her swollen body was finally found floating in a reed-covered river near a large concrete bridge. To placate the river god, her distraught relatives built a modest Buddhist shrine with the approval and encouragement of the local temple bonzes (monks). Some months passed. Then, abruptly, one of the

more imaginative bonzes declared that the girl had been transformed into a goddess and would be eternally unhappy unless a temple were erected in her honor, on the banks of the river next to the bridge.

This remarkable revelation was publicized throughout the environs of Deer Ravine. Local Buddhist and Taoist bonzes organized pilgrimages, claiming that all kinds of wonderful things were happening to those who visited the shrine and purchased charms, medals and pictures depicting the young goddess. Especially blessed, they claimed, were those who gave generous donations for the construction of the temple.

The "miracle" movement snowballed across the island, with men,

women, and children flocking to the shrine on an average of a thousand each day. The sale of charms and fetishes, along with candles and joss sticks, assumed gigantic proportions. Gifts for the temple construction fund filled the collection coffers so quickly that the shrinekeepers abandoned religious decorum and merely heaped the paper money, like autumn leaves, into huge wicker baskets. Chartered busses and trucks came rolling in from quiet hamlets and hidden mountain villages. Food stalls and soft-drink concessions multiplied.

And then—disaster. Forty pilgrims from the south hired a huge, ten-ton truck to transport them to the shrine. They passed the day spending their hard-earned money carelessly, and trying to estimate the number of blessings they would obtain by purchasing the sacred goddess charm—a ball of baked river mud, festooned with red strings and stamped with the temple seal—selling for exactly one dollar.

On the return trip, not very far from their village, when the heavily loaded truck was climbing the summit of the last mountain, the driver attempted to shift into low gear—and stalled the motor. As he reached for the emergency brake, a mechanic leaped out and tried to jam a rock behind the rear wheels. But it was too late. The brakes didn't hold; the rock slipped. The truck hesitated for a few moments on the steep incline, and then began to roll back down the hill, gathering momentum, careening precariously from one side of the road to the other. The utterly helpless passengers started screaming hysterically. Somehow the driver managed to negotiate a sharp curve at the bottom of the hill—but

the curve was an approach to a very high, very narrow bridge spanning a shallow river.

The truck, free-wheeling at more than sixty-five miles an hour, crashed through the low railing and plunged to the river bed, landing upside down on a great heap of rocks. Nineteen people were killed outright, and the survivors were crushed and maimed horribly. The mechanic, still standing at the summit of the hill, was the only occupant who escaped injury.

Newspapers across Formosa headlined the tragedy. Because a number of prominent people had been killed, the Government initiated an investigation of the accident as well as of the "miracle" movement. In short order, it was discovered that the movement was nothing but a high-powered publicity stunt, organized by ten smart business men in cooperation with gamblers and a handful of unscrupulous bonzes. After ordering the police to close down the entire shrine operation, Government officials confiscated what was left of the temple donations.

Non-Christians in this section were terribly shaken by the tragedy and its aftermath. Their trust in charms, fetishes, fortunetellers and bonzes' blessings waned. Then, a month later, the village was struck by a raging flash flood, which swept across the rice fields and through the streets. In a great headlong rush, tons of water crashed against the riverbank...

When the flood waters receded, there was nothing left but a gaping swamp, battered driftwood, and a strong odor of decayed vegetation. The concrete bridge was caked with mud.

The goddess of Deer Ravine had vanished.

■ ■

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**K**IM'S SHOP is long and round roofed; it climbs the side of a gentle slope. Kim is a pottery maker.

Kim's trade dates back to the last century, when Catholics in Korea, rather than renounce their new-found Faith, fled into remote, mountainous regions.

As the persecutions dragged on, it became increasingly obvious to Kim's ancestors that they would not be able to return to their homes. They were faced with the problem of making a living. About all the resources available were an abundance of wood on the timber-covered slopes and a heavy clay soil. This was ill-suited for crops but fine for making pottery.

After Kim's forebears had filled their own needs, they took the remaining vessels into nearby villages and traded them for rice and other food. Even today—when the use of money has largely replaced bartering—bartering rice or barley for earthenware vessels is not at all uncommon.

A version of the "Use now—pay later" system was often in effect. The best time for making pottery did not coincide with either the rice or the barley harvest. So when the pots were delivered, a fair price in grain was agreed on, and the seller would return at harvest time to collect.

The trade of Kim's ancestors proved lucrative. Even after the persecutions ended, with the Proclamation of Religious Freedom in 1882, many of the pottery makers remained in the regions to which they had fled. In many instances their descendants are still doing business at the same old stands. Some of the oldest Catholic churches in Korea are located in these remote, pottery-making areas. They stand to-

OCTOBER, 1960



## THE POTTERY MAKERS



By John R. Heisse, M.M.

day as testimonials of the strong faith of those early Catholics.

Kim Toma is a descendant of those early pottery makers. He is now past 70 and has had a kiln for many years on the outskirts of Chong Ju City. Toma is not as active in the work as he once was, because a bad leg forces him to get around on crutches, but he is still on hand to supervise. His son has learned the skill well, and will be ready to carry on after Toma dies.

The old man admits there was a time when Toma paid more attention to his craft than to his spiritual obligations. But his wife, Theresa, has always been faithful, and it is probably due to her prayers that her husband is back in good standing.

The smoking kiln, the stacks of vessels in assorted sizes and shapes, the huge pile of firewood—all these remind us of a period when a group of people clung tenaciously to their beliefs, at great personal cost. Considering the closeness of our Red neighbors, such reminders are appropriate. ■ ■



**Ageless Tim, catechist-philosopher**

## Tortillas and Grace

By John F. Lenahan, M.M.

**T**IMOTEO, one of my catechists, has been with me many years. Actually, I don't know how old he is and I don't think he does, either.

Many things in Guatemala are dated from the time the volcano Santa Maria erupted in Quezaltenango, and ashes fell as far away as Huehuetenango. The trouble is, Timoteo doesn't remember how old he was when that happened.

Occasionally, when we are traveling together, I get Tim started on his life history. Years before I was born, he used to be in the army—the infantry, he always insists. “Guarding the border, Padre,” he says proudly.

After his army service, Tim worked for some of the Padres as a sacristan. When we started our catechist system,

he presented himself as a candidate. We made him the head of the group. He liked that.

Tim has a large, mountainous territory to cover, but he doesn't mind walking. As a matter of fact, since we got him a pair of shoes, he'll start out on a six-hour trip at the drop of a hat. “With shoes, Padre,” he says, “I'm ready for any commission.”

In each village, Tim gets the people together for catechism. The young ones study for their First Communion, the older ones review the doctrine. Many adults need to be instructed for marriage, and all must be prepared for the monthly visit of the Padre.

Tim's face lights up when mothers and children, families instructed in the Faith by him, come around. I've even



seen him give them blessings—often with his left hand.

After a trip of many days, Tim comes home and gives me a report. Then he goes to his little *ranchito* and looks at the corn crop. "Besides God's grace, Padre, I need my tortillas," he often says.

Tim insists that it's easy to get from one place to another, and the people agree with him. The other day I was returning from a trip. As my horse reached the top of a long climb, I met two Indians with packs on their backs. Although it was still early in the morning, they had been walking for hours.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Huehuetenango," they answered.

"And then you'll come back home?"

"No, we will go to Guatemala City."

"Then you'll take the plane from Huehuetenango to Guatemala City?"

"No. That is too dangerous."

"You'll take the bus?"

"No. That is too expensive."

"Well, how will you go?"

"We will walk there."

"How long will it take?"

"About a week."

"And what are you planning to do in Guatemala City?"

"Walk around and look at the sights."

"And then what?"

"Then we will walk back home."

"How long will that take?"

"Another week."

Tim says it's easy to travel, if you can put one foot in front of the other often enough.

■ ■

# The Family Lost in the Hills

**B**ESIDES the enormous number of Catholic Filipinos who inhabit Maryknoll's new mission territory of Davao, there are thousands of unbaptized people—the majority of whom belong to primitive mountain tribes.

Recently, Father Walter J. Maxcy and I visited a family that belongs to the Mansaka tribe. A three-hour jeep ride to Masara took us to within walking distance of their tribal area. A teenager named Tiniente, a husky boy with long black hair and a shy grin, agreed to introduce us to his father, who was one of the Mansaka headmen.

After climbing three steep, rock-strewn foothills—with Tiniente romping ahead, laughing at our clumsy efforts and shouting encouragement—we finally reached the crest of a small knoll. Tiniente pointed to a bamboo hut with thatched roof, perched about eight feet above the ground on thick, sturdy poles. Standing in the low doorway, inviting us to come forward, was Tiniente's father. We climbed the notched pole that served as a ladder, shook hands with him, and entered.

His name was Sumbagi, and when he smiled, he displayed a set of teeth filed to sharp points and stained dark brown from the juice of the betel nut. We squatted on the bamboo floor next to Tiniente. Seated beyond him, in a semi-circle, were two older brothers and two sisters in their teens—each dressed in bright, ceremonial garments tastefully adorned with silver ornaments. Two infants were curled up on

a mat in the far corner. These were Sumbagi's seven children.

"Why did you come here?" he asked.

"To visit you," I replied. "We have to teach men about God."

Sumbagi nodded. Then his small, darting eyes fastened on Father Maxcy's prematurely gray hair.

"You are father and son, no doubt?"

"No," I said, laughing, "priests do not have wives. All men are the children of the priests. As you are the father of your children's bodies, we are the fathers of their souls."

Sumbagi's wives appeared in the doorway: one the mother of his children; the other quite young and only recently acquired. Sumbagi said that if we could heal his second wife's goiter, he would let us educate the first child of their union. We promised to bring medicine on our next trip.

After a meal of *kamote*, a kind of sweet-potato hash, Sumbagi suddenly asked us to baptize his two babies. He said they were sick and he didn't want them to die without our "holy water on their heads." We examined them and diagnosed only a mild fever.

"We cannot baptize them now," Father Maxcy said, "but soon we will return and talk more about God—not only for your babies, but for your entire family."

As we said farewell, we knew that the trip had been valuable. A Mansaka family hidden in the hills had encountered a new idea that, in time, could alter their lives eternally. ■■



**Multicolored Mansaka costumes, with silver medallions, are modeled by Sumbagi's second wife (right) and the teen-age daughters of his first.**

MAXCY



## DEATH BREAKS NO CHAINS

By Joseph W. Connors, M.M.

*Kwon had turned against God.  
In the short time left him,  
would he change his mind?*

EVERYONE said that Kim Kon Souk and Kwon Yak Sul were bound to go far, for these boyhood chums were outstanding in the town of Suwon. They had no clear-cut, religious beliefs, but were careful about the moral code handed down for generations.

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The liberation of Korea, in 1945, stirred up the patriotic blood in their young, eager hearts. Both enlisted in the Military Academy.

On that fateful June 25, 1950, when the Red hordes of the North crashed across the 38th parallel, Kim and Kwon, captains in the same regiment, were abruptly ordered with their units to guard mountain passes leading into the city of Seoul. But there was no halting the powerful Red forces.

One defeat after another pushed the loyal Koreans down to the Nak Tong River, last major barrier between the Communists and Pusan. Captains Kim and Kwon, dug in on a hillside, fought a delaying action under heavy fire.

An enemy mortar shell burst only a few feet from Captain Kim's howitzer. It killed three men and injured eleven, including Kim. When he recovered consciousness, he was lying on a dirty mat in a freight car headed for Pusan and a hospital. He heard a familiar voice say, "Have courage. I'll be seeing you soon."

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Pusan's Fifth Army Hospital overflowed with groaning casualties. Captain Kim was placed in a ward with other mortally wounded officers. He cried out to the harried nurses for a glass of water, but not one took heed. Unable to rise from his cot, he could scarcely even turn his head.

Suddenly a woman dressed in black, with a large white covering on her head, appeared at his side. She carried a pail of water and quickly placed a cupful to his parched lips. With a moist cloth, she wiped his face, all the while whispering soothing words. Then she hurried on, to repeat this refreshing act of mercy at each bedside.

Captain Kim learned that the "angel of mercy" was a Catholic nun, a refugee from Seoul. During the next few days, Sister Euphrasia was always close by. She never seemed to rest. Whenever any of the wounded soldiers cried out, she would appear.

Sister Euphrasia knew that Captain Kim had little time to live, so she did not delay. She told him why she was

dressed in such strange attire. She told him about Christ, and His love and sufferings for men. No missionary ever had a more willing subject.

Kim, failing quickly, asked for a priest. During the cool moments of an early morning, Captain Kim was baptized "Peter." He received his first and last Holy Communion.

It was a memorable day, too, for another reason. Captain Kim heard a familiar voice. Somehow, despite his agony, he raised his head to look across the ward. There he saw the face of his boyhood friend, who had just been carried into the room from which few went out alive. Sister Euphrasia arranged their cots together.

With difficulty Kwon told his story. He had tried heroically to save a wounded soldier on exposed terrain. Like Kim, he knew that his chances of survival were small.

Kim lost no time in telling his chum about the Church and his own baptism. But for the first time, his friend violently disagreed with him.

"You talk about a good God, a good Christ! What has He done for you and me? Have you already forgotten the endless line of innocent people fleeing to uncertainty without hope?"

"Where was your Christ to feed the tiny starving children, waiting for parents who will never come? You tell me to put my trust in God—you with your mangled body—me with a few days to live and every day an eternity."

Sister Euphrasia moved in between them. She took the hand of the sullen, agonized Kwon. She wiped his burning brow. She uttered the same soft words that had brought comfort to many despairing men.

In the morning, as Sister Euphrasia entered Ward Five, she noticed the empty cots of Captain Kim and Captain Kwon. She knew that the wounded men had been taken to the courtyard and placed in the big tent reserved for those who would soon die. Anxiously she hurried through the long corridor, down the concrete stairs, and out to the tent of death.

Inside, Kim could scarcely gesture towards another cot, while she followed with her eyes. She bent low to catch his whisper.

"Don't bother about me," the dying Kim said. "Go quickly to Yak Sul—tell him it is the last wish of his best friend—tell him I urge him to think of his soul—tell him—"

Captain Peter Kim went to God.

Sister Euphrasia moved swiftly to the blood-stained mattress on which Captain Kwon lay. She begged God for strength. As so often before, she wiped the drawn face and stooped to listen to the weak voice.

"Kon Souk is dead?"

"Yes, he has gone to God."

"I, too, want to go to God. Don't be surprised, Sister. Something has happened to me. Early this morning the foreign priest came into this stinking tent. He went to the side of Kim and rubbed something on his eyes and his mouth, and he whispered into his ear.

"I looked upon the face of my best friend, and it was serene and peaceful. Now I do believe there must be a God, to bring such peace to such a tortured body, for Kon looked at me and smiled. There must be a good Christ. Who else would send such an angel of mercy as yourself? I do believe!"

Sister Euphrasia reached into her bag and drew out a little bottle of water. While pouring it on Kwon's forehead, she said, "Paul, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Paul motioned with his hand. Sister had to bend closer, for his voice was very faint: "If you ever get back to Suwon, look for my mother. Tell her I died very happily—tell her that—"

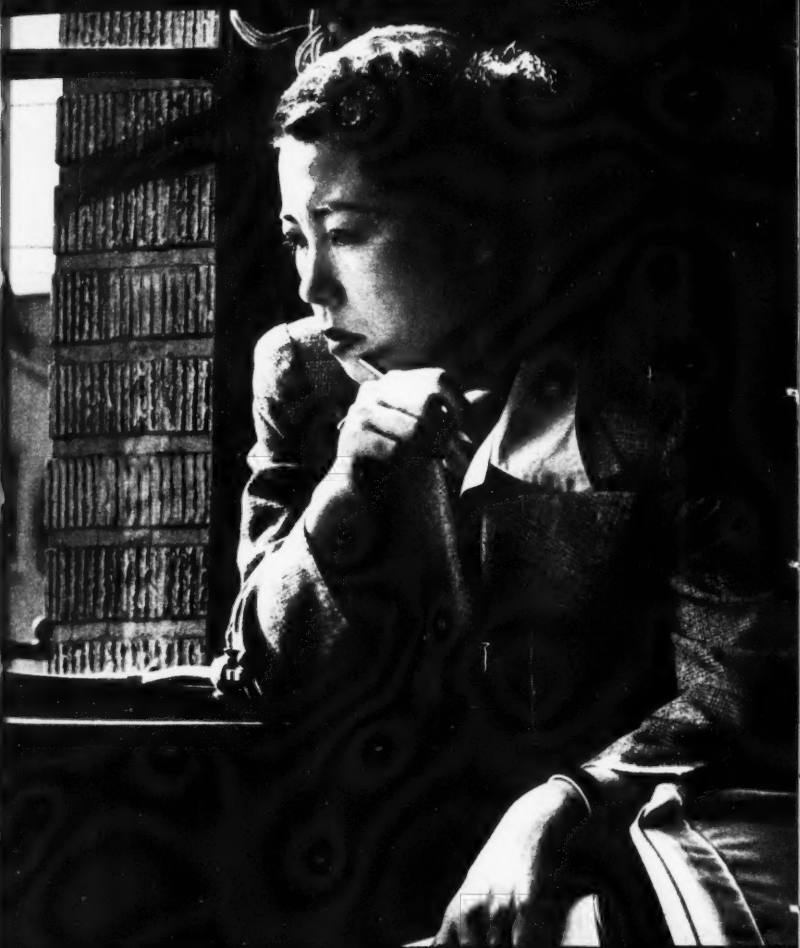
Paul Kwon, too, went to God. ■■

**Could This Be You?** "The immeasurable imprint of the Brothers, commissioners with the priests and Sisters, may never be fully realized. Yet I pray that the indelible marks they have left on the missions, the supernatural seal they have set on their students from Fifth Avenue to the recesses of Africa, will inspire many of those whom God calls to follow Him, to choose the challenging life of a Brother."

—Brother Vincent, C.F.X.



# *Career Girl in Japan*



*On the surface, Miyoko Kadokawa is a vivacious and happy modern Japanese woman but beneath there are uncertainty and loneliness.*





**Miyoko** lives at home with her parents and younger sister. Her salary will not allow her to rent her own apartment even if her parents would permit it.

**T**WENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Miyoko Kadokawa is a woman who is making her own future. This may not seem unusual to American women, who are used to independence of action and freedom of choice. But Miyoko represents a new spirit in Japan where traditionally woman's place was only in the home, and an unmarried girl was expected solely to prepare herself for the marriage that her family would arrange.

Miyoko, who comes from a comfortable middle-class home, has chosen to work, not from economic necessity, but because she was offered a job as editor on a Japanese movie publication and it appealed to her. She has also let it be known that she does not intend to marry until she finds the right man.

Yet for all of her independence and despite the recognition that has come to her from her work, Miyoko Kado-


kawa is not truly happy. Tradition pulls very strongly within her, and marriage is always in the back of her mind. She has discovered that not very many men are ready to accept women as business equals.

Miyoko thinks there are many dangers and pitfalls for girls entering the business world from sheltered families. The dangers she stresses are that work makes them coarse in their language, less polite, less submissive. To illustrate her confusion, she says with a gay laugh that business worked out all right with her, but that she hopes her young sister will not follow her example but will make a career of marriage rather than one in business.

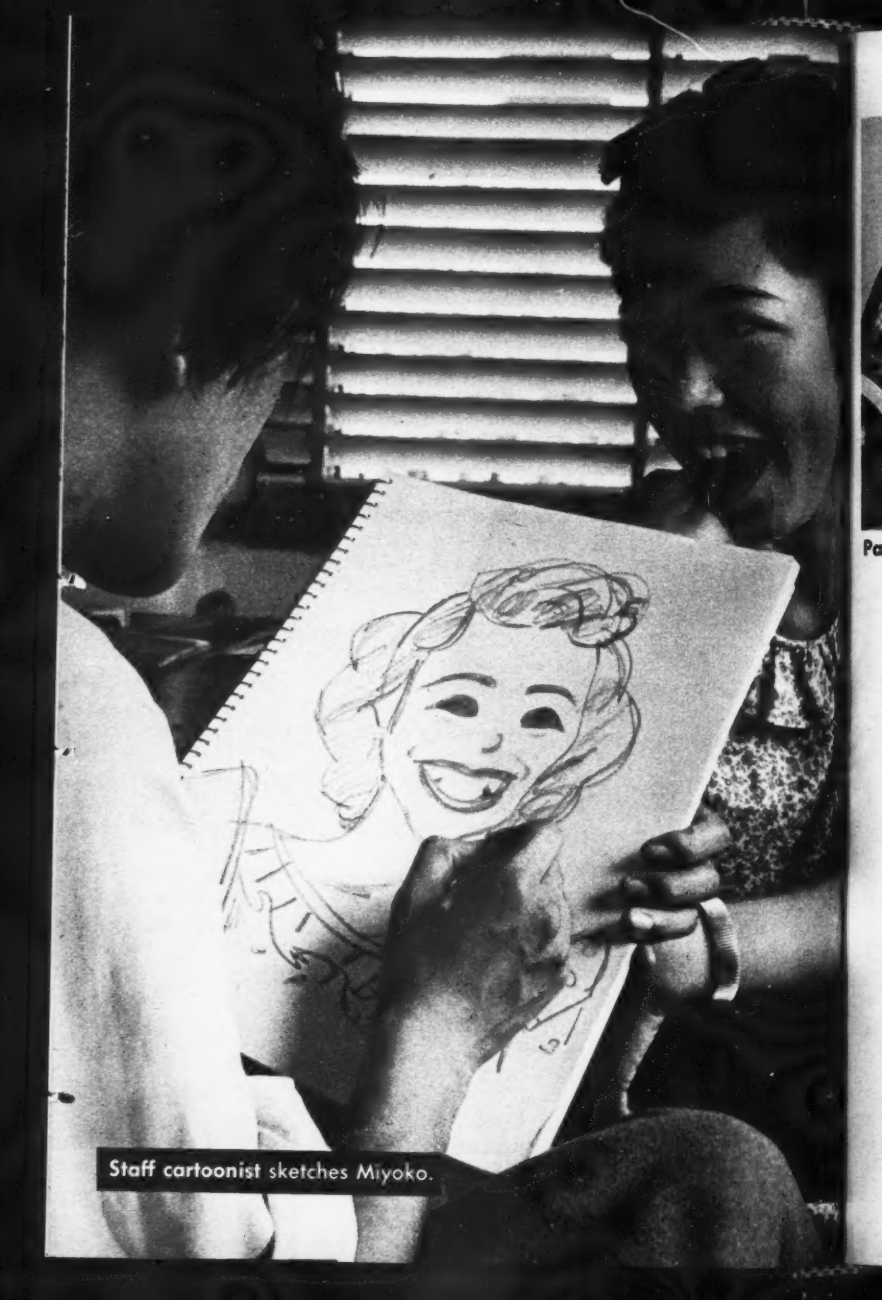
Basically, Miyoko's problem is that she is a Japanese woman—one torn between a desire for the past and the present. It is a problem she will never be able to solve completely. ■■

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When she visits her sister,  
she questions the choice of  
a career over her marriage.

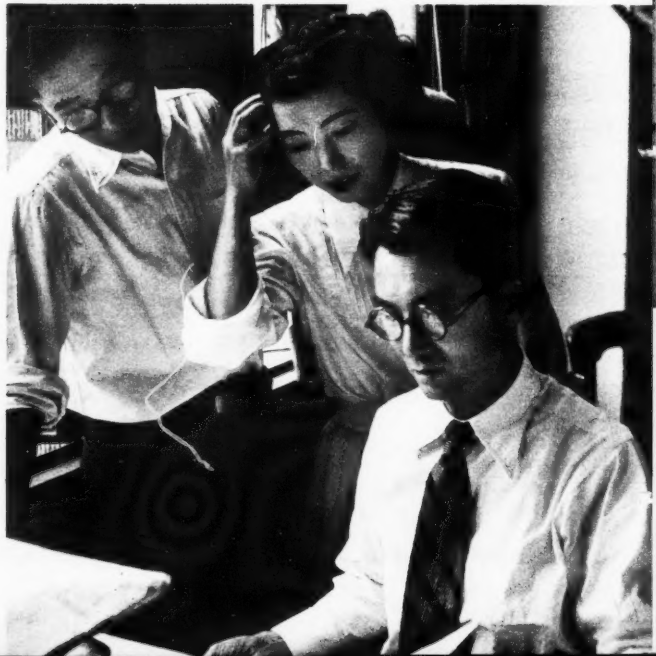


Staff cartoonist sketches Miyoko.



Part of her work is selecting pictures from various photographic agencies.

A layout problem receives the attention of fellow editors.





**Sewing** with her sisters is one way to spend free time. (Right) A tea break is spent with a staff member.



**Dating** is a post-war development in Japan. Miyoko does not go steady with any one friend. She says she does not want to become serious over any man.





After work, Miyoko often attends a movie, then home to a room she shares with her nineteen-year-old sister, Yoshiko. She usually reads until midnight, lying in a bed made on the floor. Her work gives her little intellectual satisfaction and to obtain this she turns to serious literature.

**THE END**

# Gentle hands at work . . .

where hundreds of thousands of children need food, clothing, shelter, and medicine. Many hands are working feverishly towards this goal—the many hands of Maryknoll missionaries. And—



in desperation they turn to YOU for the rice, the cloth, the building materials and the medicine to snatch these little ones from death. How can the seeds of faith, hope, and love take root and grow in the hearts of starving, shivering children? Someone must sacrifice, if misery is not to destroy them. Someone must help, if their hope is not to die. Will that someone be YOU?

## Maryknollers *Missioners to the world Messengers of your mercy*

Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York

10-60-CF

Dear Fathers,

Here is \$..... for your Mission Charity Fund. I wish to help the poor and hungry in mission lands.

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Address .....

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# MY ALTAR BOY



**P**ASTORE is a husky African of ten. His vices are those of altar boys everywhere. At least they seem like vices to me; I am their victim.

Pastore drips wax on the altar cloth. He rings the bell or doesn't, depending upon how he feels that morning. His hands are a little dirty. His cassock is either much too long or much too short. That's my Pastore.

He added a new trick to the altar boy's bag one morning here at Malili. Our church is still abuilding, and it is not yet weatherproof; so a night's rain left a few puddles on the sanctuary floor. Each time Pastore went into action—to pour wine and water or to move the book—he carefully stepped in the puddles with both feet. His feet were bare, for our boys in Africa can't afford shoes. On each concrete altar step and across the floor, he left a wet and muddy trail of carefully made prints of his feet, toes and all.

I was kneeling there in the sanctuary while Father Ray Kelly offered Mass. As I watched Pastore at work, I almost burst out laughing. I thought to myself, "Wouldn't Pastore make the

servers in the United States jealous?" No boy ever warmed my heart as much as Pastore at that moment. This joy over an African boy's antics fanned the fervor of my thanksgiving. I asked Our Lord to keep that holy innocence in Pastore all his life. "Perhaps," I prayed, "some day Pastore can share in our priesthood."

But then, as I watched the damp footprints fade from the floor, I remembered something. And that made me add another prayer. "Take Pastore soon, Lord, or heal him."

Pastore is a leper.

OLD, ETC.

DEODT:  
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apphires:  
1-8719.

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1-7-6200.

d Tools

For knit-  
ties Bend

ACCORDION - J. KAMA, 874 Bway, NYC  
50-70% reduction. Brochure. GR 7-2218

# OFFICE FURNITURE

## STEEL CLOTHES LOCKERS

NEW AND USED

2,500 all sizes, all styles, low prices.  
CONTINENTAL, 540 BWAY, WO 4-6510

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STEINWAY Org. magnificent.

Must sell. Rosen 130 W 54 JU 3-3855

THOMAS cherd organ, less than yr old.

perl: \$400. Others, Abbey. BE 5-1111.

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ABBOTT has Steinway studio upright,

\$275, 1680 3d Ave. TR 6-0721.

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STEINWAY Grand model B. P

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HIGH frequency generat,

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**The HONG KONG Refugee Settle-  
ment** requires an amplifier. Catechists  
use it when large groups of catechumens  
are receiving instructions. The cost is  
\$75. Also needed, for large Sunday con-  
gregations, are 1,000 folding chairs,  
costing \$5 each. How many, please?

**Musical Shares.** A priest in JAPAN  
would like to teach the children of the  
parish the words and music of sacred  
hymns. Sunday Mass will give them an  
opportunity to sing their hearts out for  
God, if they can have an organ. Will  
you share cost of the organ? It is \$70.

**Court Activities** will be enhanced in  
YUCATAN when Padre gets two basket-  
balls he needs for the youngsters. Keep-  
ing boys busy on the basketball court  
is one way of keeping them out of the  
juvenile court—\$14 will buy a basket-  
ball. Will you provide one?

**Delivering the Goods** to a mission in  
BOLIVIA can be your act of charity.  
Sisters teach young girls to make their  
own clothes, in a sewing class. They  
need hard-to-get material; \$100 will buy  
enough cloth to make this venture suc-  
cessful. Are you interested?

Please send your check to:

*The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York*

**Wheels of Progress.** A catechist in  
KOREA needs a bicycle to take him to  
remote places, to spread the word of  
God to those ignorant of it. Will you  
provide him with transportation—\$60?

**World's "Best Seller"** is in great de-  
mand in GUATEMALA. Thousands of  
New Testaments are needed, to give  
catechists the advanced knowledge re-  
quired in their work; 40 cents buys one.  
Can they count on you for one or more?

**A Catechism** in Aymara Indian lan-  
guage costs 5 cents. In JULI, thousands  
of Indians need, and are anxious to  
have, catechisms; 30,000 are needed.  
Will you buy a few?

**A Roof Over Their Heads.** A mission  
in KOREA has no chapel. To build it,  
labor will cost \$100; roof, \$300; cement,  
\$125; lumber, \$200; windows, \$100; fix-  
tures and furnishings, \$175. Can you  
furnish one item?

**Horse Power** is what gets Padre and  
his catechist around, on the rough,  
mountain trails in CHILE. He can buy  
a good horse for \$100, and a saddle for  
\$70. Will you "O.K." the purchases?





Will ***You*** Support **ONE** of them?



So many of you have said, "I wish I had a son for the priesthood!" — that Maryknoll has worked out a plan for the support of seminarians. The families of many students aren't able to finance their training and so Maryknoll tries to lend a hand. God does not favor only the wealthy with a vocation. Most missionaries do not come from prosperous areas.

You can adopt one of these young men now in training and contribute to, or assume all of his expense. In this way you give a priest to the world as truly as if he were of your own blood! It costs \$750 a year to train and educate a Maryknoll seminarian in the United States, and we have more than 800 of them.

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**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS / Maryknoll, New York**

SA 10-60

*Dear Fathers:*

- ☐ *I wish to give \$..... each month towards the training of a missionary. Please send me a monthly reminder.*
- ☐ *I enclose \$..... to help a young American become a Maryknoll priest.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

# The Forgotten Shilling

**I**N AN East African village, in 1913, a group of boys was being prepared for First Communion. Best in the class were Joseph and Julius, two bosom friends.

On the afternoon before the great event, Joseph was bitten in the leg by a poisonous snake. Nothing could be done to save him; just before he died, the priest gave him Holy Communion. Julius was desolate. Immediately after Mass the next day, he went to console Joseph's mother. "Please take this in memory of Joseph," he said, giving her a shilling, his own father's gift.

Years passed. Julius went south to the mines. He became dissolute. He fell sick but would not see a priest. News drifted back to his home village. Resolutely Joseph's mother set out and walked the long distance to the mine hospital.

Julius at first did not wish to see her, but she sat by his bed. She brought out the bright shilling, which she had treasured all the years, and spoke of Joseph. "You ought to come back to God," she said. "Joseph would be very pleased."

"Call the priest," said Julius, tears glistening in his eyes.



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